THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS

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MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B and Third sts. Capitol Hill

SELECTED TALES.

RAISING THE DEAD,

A TRUE TALE.

SHOWING HOW READY WIT MAY SUPPLY THE PLACE OF READY MONEY.

Tom Connor was a perfect specimen of the happy, careless, improvident class of Irishmen, who think it 'time enough to bid the devil good morrow when they meet him,' and whose chief delight seems to consist in getting in all manner of scrapes, for the mere purpose of displaying their ingenuity in getting out of them again. Tom, at the time I knew him, had passed the meridian of his life—he had as he used to say himself 'given up bartering,' and had luckily a small annuity fallen to him by the demise of a considerate old aunt, who had kindly popped off in the nick of time. And on this independence Tom had retired to spend all that remained to him of a merry life at a pleasant little seaport town in the west of Ireland, celebrated for its card parties and its oyster clubs. These latter social meetings were held by rotation at the house of the members of the club, which was composed of the choicest spirits of the town. The Doctor McFadd, relaxing the dignity of professional reserve, condescended to play practical jokes on Corney Bryan, the betrothed exciseman—and Skinner, the attorney, repeated all Lord Northbury's best puns, and night after night told how, at some particular quarter sessions he had himself said a better thing than ever Northbury uttered in all his life. But the soul of the club was Tom Connor who, by his inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes and droll stories, kept the table in a roar till a late hour in the night, or rather an early hour in the morning. Tom's stories usually related to adventures which had happened to himself in his early days—and as he had experienced innumerable vicissitudes of fortune, in every part of the world, and under various characters, his narratives, though not remarkable for their strict adherence to truth, were always distinguished by their novelty.

One evening the club had met as usual, and Tom had mixed his first tumbler of potheen punch after 'the feast of shells' was over; when somebody happened to mention the name of Edmund Kean, with the remark that he had once played in a barn in that very town.

'True enough,' said Tom, 'I played in the same company with him.'

'You! you!' exclaimed several voices.

'Of course, but then, that was when I was a strolling actor in Clark's corps. We used to go to the western circuit, and by that means got the name of the Connaught Rangers. There was a queer fellow in the company, called Ned Davis, an honest hearted man he was, as ever walked in shoe leather—Ned and I were sworn brothers—we shared the same bed, which was often only a 'shake down' in the corner of a stable, and the same dinner, which was at times nothing better than a crust of brown bread and a draught of Adam's ale. I'll trouble you for the bottle, Doctor. Thank you—may I never take worse stuff from your hands. Talking of Ned Davis, I'll tell you, if you have no objection, of a strange adventure which befel us once.'

'Bravo! bravo! bravo!' was the unanimous cry from the members.

'Silence, gentlemen,' said the chairman, imperatively—'silence for Mr. Connor's story.'

'Hem! Well, then, some time about the year—never mind the year—Ned and I were playing with the company at Loughrea—business grew bad, and the salaries diminished with the houses, until at last, one morning at rehearsal, the manager informed us that, in consequence of the depressed state of the drama in Galway, the treasury would be closed until further notice, and that he had come to the resolution to depart on the following morning for Castlebar, whither he had requested the company to follow him without delay. Fancy my consternation at his unexpected announcement! I mechanically thrust my hand into my pockets, but they were completely untenanted. I rushed home to our lodgings, where I had left Ned Davis—I knew he had received a guinea the day before, upon which I rested my hopes of deliverance. I found him fencing with his walking stick with an imaginary antagonist, whom he had in his mind, pinned against a closet door. I related to him the sudden move the manager had made, and told him in the most doleful voice conceivable, that I was not possessed of a single penny. As soon as I had finished he dropped into a chair, and burst into a long continued fit of laughter, and then looked in my face with the most provoking mock gravity, and asked—

'What's to be done then? How are we to get out of this?'

'Why,' said I, 'that guinea which you got yesterday!'

'Ho! ho! ho!' he shouted, 'The guinea is gone.'

'Gone!' I exclaimed—and I felt my knees began to shake under me. 'Gone—where—how!'

'I gave it to the wife of, that poor devil of a scene shifter who broke his arm last week—he had four children, and they were starving. What could I do but give it to them? Had it been ten times as much they should have had it.'

'I don't know what reply I made, but it had the effect of producing another fit of uncontrolable laughter.

'Why do you laugh?' said I, rather angrily.

'Who the devil could help it?' he replied? 'your wo begone countenance would make a cat laugh.'

'Well,' said *I*, 'we are in a pretty dilemma here. We owe our landlady fifteen shillings.'

'For which she will lay an embargo on all our little effects—three black wigs and a low comedy pair of breeches—this must be prevented.'

'But how?' I inquired.

'How? never mind—but order dinner directly.'

'Dinner?' said I—'don't awaken painful recollections.'

'Go and do as I tell you,' he replied. 'Order dinner—beefsteak and oyster sauce.'

'Beefsteak! Are you mad?' but before I could finish the sentence, he had put on his hat and disappeared.

'Who knows?' thought I after he had gone, 'he's a devilish clever fellow, something may turn up,' so I ordered the beefsteaks. In less than an hour, my friend returned with exultation, in his looks.

'I have done it!' said he, slapping me on the back—'we shall have plenty of money to-morrow.'

I begged he would explain himself.

'Briefly, then,' said he, 'have been to the billiard room, and every other lounging place about town, where I circulated, in the most mysterious manner a report that a celebrated German doctor and philosopher, who had discovered the secret of resuscitating the dead had arrived in Loughrea.'

'How ridiculous,' I said.

'Don't be in a hurry. This philospher I added, is about to give positive proof that he can perform what he professes, and it is his intention to go into the church yard to-night, and resuscitate a few of those who have not been buried more than a twelve month.'

'Well,' said I, 'what does all theis nonsense come to?'

'That you must play the philosopher in the grave yard.'

'Me?'

'Certainly you are the very figure for the part.'

After some persuasion and some further development of this plan, I consented to wrap myself up in an ample stage cloak, and gliding into the church yard, I waited in the porch according to the directions I had received from Ned, until near midnight, when I issued forth, and proceeded to examine the different tombs attentively. I was bending over one, which by the inscription, I perceived had been erected by 'an affectionate and disconsolate wife to the memory of her beloved husband,' when I was startled at hearing a rustling noise, and, on looking round, to see a stout looking woman standing beside me.

'Doctor, said she, addressing me, 'I know what you're about here.'

I shook my head solemnly.

'This is my poor late husband's tomb.'

'I know it,' I answered. '*I* mean to exercise my art upon him first. He shall be restored to your arms this very night.'

The widow gave a faint scream—'I'm sure doctor,' said she, 'I'm greatly obliged to you. Peter was the best of husbands—but he has now been dead six months—and—I am—married again.'

'Humph!' said I, 'the meeting will be rather awkward, but you may induce your second husband to resign.'

'No, no, doctor—let the poor man rest quietly, and here is a trifle for your trouble. So saying, she slipped a weighty purse into my hand.

'This alters the case,' said I, 'materially—your late husband shall never be disturbed by me.'

The widow withdrew with a profusion of acknowledgments—and scarcely had she gone, when a young fellow, who I learned had lately come into possession of a handsome property by the death of an uncle, came to request me not to meddle with the deceased, who he assured me was a shocking old curmudgeon, who never spent his money like a gentleman. A douceur from the young chap secured the repose of his uncle.

My next visitor was a weasel faced man, who had been plagued for twenty years by a shrew of a wife who popped off one day from a dose of whiskey. He came to beseech me not to bring back his plague to the world—and, pitying the poor man's case, I gave him my promise readily, without accepting a fee.

By this time daylight had began to appear, and creeping quietly out of the church yard, I returned to my lodgings. Ned was waiting for my return.

'What luck?' said he, as I entered the room.

I showed him the fees I had received during the night.

'I told you,' said he, 'that we should have plenty of Rhino to-day. Never despair, man—there are more ways out of the woods than one, and recollect, that ready *wit is as good as ready money*.'

THE JEWESS AND THE LIBERTINE.

The belle of Notre Dame de Donis had already chimed midnight, when Smeraldo issued from the vice legate's palace, enveloped in a light cloak, and with his jewelled cap drawn over his eyes. The night was dark and at that late hour not a sound rose from the reposing city. A faint and distant ray of light was at times, seen struggling through the thick and darkened air, and, which proceeded from the thick and narrow cells of the watchers, or ringers in the belfries of the churches. The streets were utterly deserted, and it was a task of no little difficulty to tread aright the tortuous and gloomy windings of the more remote and less known part of the city, to which, however, Smeraldo bent his course, with a rapid and unhesitating step. He at length stopped at a lofty and cumbrous gate, studded with iron knobs, which closed the entrance to a dark, narrow, unpaved, filthy street, or rather lane. On a slight knock being given by Smeraldo, a small wicket was noiselessly opened, and shut as cautiously the moment he passed through it.

'Here I am in the Jewry Hebrew kennel at last,' he exclaimed looking around him, without being able to see anything. 'What infernal darkness! Why, it would be impossible to distinguish one's mistress from an old, shaven monk or foul bearded Israelite. You must lead me, like a blind man, Lawrence.'

'Fair seigneur, said the warden, 'here I am. I have executed punctually your orders. The ladder is set right under the little window. But, in the name of all the saints, seigneur, think well of what you are doing. For twenty years I have closed, every evening, at the tolling of the curfew, this gate, and opened it every morning at the first bell of the Angelus—I must, therefore, know, right well, the race of Abraham—and never yet, to my knowledge, did a Jewess give a rendezvous to a Christian without some wicked intention.'

'To the devil with your wise precaution!' cried Smeraldo—'if she had given me a meeting I should not be thus reduced to escalade her chamber—she would have opened the door to me. Now, show me the way to the house.'

The warden obeyed. At the further end of the narrow street stood a house of mean appearance, in the front of which were several small windows, placed at irregular distances. Under one of the uppermost of these, and which was without bars, (such being looked upon as unnecessary from its great height,) was set a ladder, which he began to mount with rapidity, though not without a certain uneasy feeling, so novel and strange was the situation in which he found himself. For the first time in his life he was about to commit an act of brutal and unmanly violence. Hitherto the obstacles opposed to him had been overcome by other means—and in no case had inexorable resistance forced him to play so vile, so degraded a part. It was not that he had any scruples of delicacy—the honor of a woman, and particularly a Jewess, was to him of the slightest, or rather no consideration—but he felt vexed, deeply humiliated at having failed in his attempts at seduction, and in being obliged to act the part of a buccaneer or a bandit, to accomplish his object.

Smeraldo entered, unhesitatingly, through the little window, and, slighting upon a winding stair-case, he descended with the pace and stealth of a wolf. He had calculated all the chances of his undertaking well—and as he knew that at that hour of the night all the members of that Jewish family were assembled in the garden, to celebrate the feast of the Tabernacles, he proceeded to examine the house. After having groped his way through several apartments, he entered a chamber, the doorway of which was masked by a heavy silk curtain. A faint and uncertain light, that made its way through the tenirils of the creeping plants that grew about the window, served to render objects partially visible. The floor, which was covered with a soft and silk-like matting, received, noiselessly, the footsteps of Don Smeraldo. A delicate perfume of sandal wood floated on the air, and mingled with the breath of flowers, from plants and odoriferous shrubs that partly filled the balcony, over which hung, according to the fashion in Spain, a parti-colored blind, or slanting curtain—on the seat lay various articles of female dress, and in one corner lay glistening a small and fancifully formed mirror.

The sound of voices, united in a chaunt, which rose from below, and the reddish light of torches which flickered through the jessamine branches that grew about the balcony, attracted him to step out on it, and looking down from it, every other feeling was, for the moment, forgotten, in surprise and admiration. Along the inner walls of this house, whose front towards the street exhibited a squalid, discolored, and dilapidated aspect, ran a tastefully laid out garden, planted with pomegranate trees, and some others indigenous to the Holy Land.

In the middle of a marble terrace sparkled a fountain, surrounded by a parterre of exotic plants and flowers—in a word, it strongly reminded Smeraldo of the entrance to one of those Arabian palaces, some magnificent ruins of which still adorn the southern provinces of Spain.'

(To be Continued.)

A wag went to a dentist on the first of April, desiring his head pulled because it ached.—The dentest very quietly pulled his ears, and charged him five dollars.

WASHINGTON CITY

SATURDAY JULY 16, 1842.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE—Violation of its Laws by Editors of Newspapers.

An opinion has often been expressed on the subject of taxing Newspapers. It is argued by some to be impolitic and unjust to tax newspapers, because it is a taxing the dissemination of knowledge. We are of the same opinion, and think that all newspapers ought to be free of postage. The country would be a gainer by it in the end.

But if any newspapers are to be excepted, it ought (in our humble opinion) to be *political* papers, which are, for the most part, filled with falsehoods and misrepresentations—particularly the ultra-party papers--which are a nuisance rather than a benefit to the country, and let those who prefer falsehood to truth pay for it. But let literary papers go free. Of this matter, however, the sovereign people are the best judges.

This is, however, only a preface to one of the grossest violations of the Post Office laws since the establishment of the Department. We allude to the Baltimore Sun, of which (besides what are sent off on other mail routes) 2,800 (as we understand) are daily sent to, and we believe, distributed in this city, free of postage ! ! ! amounting to $28 per day, at one cent postage on each paper, which we believe is the law, amounting to $8,764 per annum, allowing six days to the week. This makes a considerable breach in the Post Office revenue.

The cost and commissions on the sale of the paper we do not know, nor has it any thing to do with fraud on the Post Office laws, if an open violation of the laws can be called a fraud.

It appears that the Sun has been forwarded to this city, free of postage, since its commencement, parallel with the mail line, excepting for a few weeks it was stopped, whether under the present Postmaster General or his predecessor, we cannot say—nor are we apprized whether Gen. Wickliffe is privy to the fact that the Sun (and various other papers) are carried free of postage in the same cars that carry the mail, or not. But we recollect very well of seeing insolent threats in the Sun when the paper was stopped, daring the Department to hinder, &c. &c.

The Baltimore Clipper and two literary papers from New York—the *New World* and *Brother Jonathan* are said to be brought to this city free of postage. But of this we have no knowledge.

But the Editor, as we learn from a respectable source, not satisfied with the unparalleled number of papers brought to this city, free of postage, sends great numbers out upon the Frederic mail line to Ellicott's Mills, and perhaps in other directions. All this is robbing the Post Office of its dues and has to be made up by the people. Will they submit to this? If they do it is strange.

Now there is a positive law of Congress forbidding any newspaper to be carried upon any mail line excepting in the mail, under a penalty of dollars.

We make no comments upon this outrage upon the laws—but we fancy the Postmaster General and Congress, from what we can learn, will see to it. If one newspaper is to go free, why not all?

VETOES.

The gossip afloat in the city is, that the great Revenue bill will be vetoed—that, in that event, the Army and Navy bill will be left on the table by Congress, 'cause why, there will be no money. For our part we are sure of nothing but poverty, which we came "honestly by." We are surprised at nothing these times.

We have tried to make peace between party and party—having many warm-hearted friends on both sides, and it grieves us to find them differing on points foreign to that unanimity which ought ever to distinguish citizens—not to say Christians—of the same land—of the same interests, and under the same laws.

All of them possess the materials for *honest*, plain citizens and statesmen, and but for that CURSE of the human race—AMBITION, which bred war even in heaven, under the name of Lucifer, ours would be the happiest country on earth! It would be and is a PARADISE, but for sinful man.*

Ambition is an inordinate thirst for power. This thirst for power begets PARTIES.

Now we hear daily contentions for constitutional rights, and constitutional constructions. The *President* is a *conscientious* constructionist and defender of the Constitution. He would sacrifice the nation to preserve his conscience. *Members* of *Congress* would do the same. This is something like cutting a man's head off to save his life, and puts one in mind of the pious people of New England, who in former times used to hang the body for the good of the soul. This is the effects of partyism.

Partyism has this distinction from patriotism. The first is a love of *self*, and *the party* to which they belong. *Patriotism* is a *love of country* regardless of party distinction. The first will sacrifice his country to gain his ends—the latter will sacrifice every thing for his country's good.

Parties have their source in an honest difference of opinion, which is the life and soul of a Republican Government, and the principle upon which they are founded—and while the people adhere to this only, their liberty is safe—because, let the people differ on particular points as they may, yet they never lose sight of the general welfare of their country.

But, unfortunately, as nations or republics advance in years and prosperity, they advance in corruption. Hence this portion of the community, growing avaricious and impatient of restraint—some ambitious, designing man, stung by disappointment, or some real or imaginary affront—thirsting for revenge—seizes upon those symptoms of discontent, and, like all demagogues, magnifies their imaginary wrongs—adds to their fears—administers to their cupidity—explains the facility by which they can obtain all they wish, and like a skilful General, keeps his real designs out of sight. He sides with them in all their extravagance. Struck with the disinterestedness of the man, choose him for their leader—the bargain is closed. He only wanted men, and they only wanted a leader. Thus a party is formed, as we have seen in Greece and Rome. And JUST SUCH A PARTY exists now in this country!

Parties of this nature may readily be distinguished from a mere political party, arising from difference of opinion on measures proposed for the benefit of the people, from their revolutionary aspect, viz. they never think nor act for the interest of their country. And why? Because *their* interest is directly in opposition to the interest of the country. If it *were not*, such party would have no existence.

It is our opinion that revolution was not the object at first, but the great mover succeeded in his ambitious views in reaching the Presidency—and that disappointment has filled him with vengeance against all who stood in his way.

The party (which we suspect look to him as their chief) have been known by various names heretofore, such as—WORKINGMEN—LOCOFOCOS—BUTT-ENDERS, &c. But their true name is LEVELLERS, and their object is to have an EQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PROPERTY throughout the Union—"peaceably if they can—forcibly if they must." They are principally people of little or no property, mingled up with the refuse of all nations, a specimen of which might have been seen in the Dorr army where they made their first attempt, but probably not their last.

That a resort to arms is, or *was* intended, we are convinced, not only from what has openly occurred, and certain hints and cant words, but from significant symbols and mottoes of war on their newspapers. One of these has an engraved head, with an armed man in military dress, standing upright, with a large cannon upon a carriage, and balls, with implements for loading—colors flying—surmounted with a diminutive eagle, and a tent stretched. In the foreground, at the feet of the man at arms, are the figures of two human heads, severed from the bodies, with the figure of a BLOCK and a SWORD lying by each. This paper comes from the far West—so the treason has spread far and wide.

In another paper, published in western Virginia, there is a cut (very imperfectly done) representing a man treading under foot the bodies of men, women and children. He has something in imitation of a CROWN upon the head and a sceptre in the left hand, which it holds upright, one end resting on the writhing bodies. Modest emblems, indeed, for a "Democracy". Perhaps it is the coat of arms of Gov. Dorr! We have only to remind these poor dupes of the "dog and the shadow."

(*To be Continued.*)

* We are sorry we cannot "lift up our testimony" in favor of that "precious man," as the women call the Rev. Mr. Maffit. He leaves his sacred charge as Chaplain to Congress, and goes off to convert sinners in other towns, leaving the members of Congress in their sins, to get to heaven the best way they can.

"HON. MR." AMOS KENDALL.

By the way, speaking of Amos reminds us that he is making "a poor mouth" to Congress, praying them to pay up the judgment obtained against him by Stockton and Stokes. "A slick chap," this same Amos. His hands discharged—paper gone down—(that blessed piece of "honest Democracy")--too poor—can't raise the wind to publish. Ah! take care, Amos—mind, you have * * * . All the money gone! Ten sections of western land, which only cost you the trouble of signing your name [to give it respectability] to a plot of Tommy Moore's to cheat the country—all gone! Too poor to print a paper. O Amos, Amos! Recollect you have joined the church. Every thing put out of sight, and the paper going on at the Globe Office But Congress will give it to him. They help the rich gratis, and plead the act to cut off their just debts, as in our case, and grumble to give us a pension in lieu of the debt.

HELPING THE RICH.

CONSTABLE BECK [as formerly called] for instance, stands higher than ever in the estimation of Congress, and has not only added another wheel-barrow to the *rolling* business, but some say he has the privilege of a cart free of license, to go and return to the Capitol without let or molestation. He has nearly added and finished two more splendid buildings to the *nine* houses and lots he had last year.

One of them is a splendid brick, for a Congress Boarding house—and that he will be ably patronised there is no doubt, as he can accommodate members with cash loans at a little per cent, or any thing else they want.

This is one of the blessings of partyism: This Mr. Beck, pretending to be a Whig, as we suspect—not that we know his politics, excepting that he believes in money and gold watches.

For the credit of our country—for the honor of human nature—for that respect which all and every member of the House owes to himself as men and as gentlemen, we implore you to do one praiseworthy act.

Look at that man—yes, look at Mr. SWEENY—look at his noble mien, his honest manly countenance. He stands in the area between the lobby of the House and the great Rotundo, selling soda by the glass, to procure a pittance for his wife and two little children. He was turned out of some office for his politics. Let any one look at that cunning fox, Joe Beck, with his fortune of sixty or seventy thousand dollars, and his wheelbarrow, and then look at the man of soda, with nothing but his honest face and his modest blush. Say, gentlemen of Congress, which of these two ought to have the *place* [it is not an office, Mr. J. B. just put his hand in his pocket and walked "right into" the Post Office, and when looks come sour at him he has nothing to do but dip again into his pocket] now occupied by Mr. Beck? Let your hearts, your judgment, &c. &c. decide.

RICHMOND STAR.

There it is again! This is your doings, you dolt. It's *Jeff.*

We send the Pick from habit and the Star from choice, into the office to Jeff to pick out bits, and the boy's head is really so thick he can't tell a Pick from a Star. Tell Eph he must'nt cry—I'll send him a sugar plumb.

"O! ANNE—you have been so cruel. In both of your last brilliant and interesting papers, you have had some of *Eph's* family poked up in "solid," and never a word of credit. He has cried bitterly about it, he has—poor boy. And then there's our 'whooror' about Ned Davis' Umbrella, you have gone and stuck down to Pic's credit, the nasty, cross eyed, snub-nosed, humpbacked feller. We knew it would be so—flirting and coquetting with the other men, when you know how deeply, truly, fervently we are devoted to you. O! 'tis too cruel we *will* go distracted, we will--by the hokey."

The following representation of truth is liberal and sublime. There is more truth and good sense in these few words than you can find in one of those eight column speeches. How beautiful and how simple truth is.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, having the floor, argued that instead of attempting to legislate for the benefit of any particular interest, the country ought to be viewed as a brother-hood, where the whole, and not a part, ought to be cared for. His idea of a free government was, to give to all this family, equal rights, equal protection and equal privileges.'

KISSING. The most honorable kiss, both to the giver and receiver, was that which Queen Margaret of France, in the presence of the whole court, impressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom, Alain Chartier, whom she one day found asleep, exclaiming to her astonished attendants, "I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things." Ah! it was worth while to be a poet in those days.

APPROPRIATE.—A boy on board the U. S. ship Pennsylvania was much addicted to whistling, and the officer of the deck had reprimanded him several times, but to no purpose. One morning he was called and up he came, whistling as usual—he was ordered forward to take his seat astride of the bowsprit, and whistle to his heart's content—and he was no sooner comfortably seated than he struck up 'A sittin' on a rail!'

Subscribe for a paper and pay for it, if you want to be enlightened, and advertise, if you want business.

POETRY.

Mrs. ROYALL—Madam—Please have the following lines inserted in your next paper, and oblige your obedient servant, S. H.

WHEN FIRST WE MET.

This world hath many a pleasant scene
Our thoughts to dwell upon
Yet to my heart the hour we met
Is far the brightest one—
It haunts me like a long farewell
A sweet and sad adieu;
Still trembling in those tender tones
Which fondness o'er it threw!

And O! it blooms an emerald spot
In memory's storied cell—
Where fancy oft her weary wings
May rest beneath its spell—
And there 'mid thoughts of varied hue
That come in sudden start:
My soul to inward music soft
Seems wedded ne'er to part!

Oft twilight in the fading West
Brings near departed days—
Though earth has cast her shadow dark
Within the golden rays,
So o'er me still with magic sway
That moment lingers yet:
And O! may memory never lose
The hour when first we met. S. H.

NOW I AM A MAN.

The days are gone when I could roll,
My hoop along the street,
And with a laughing jest or word.
Each idle passer greet—
Where'er I go, I now move slow,
In early years I ran—
Oh! I was then a happy child,
But now I am a man.

I used to whistle as I went,
Play marbles in the square,
And fly my kite and play my top,
My coat and trowsers tear—
And "whistle" for my whistle now,
'Fen" marbles is the plain.
The only vent on which I'm bent
Is money—I'm a man.

The ladies used to pet me once,
And praise my hair and eyes—
And kissing went by favor then;
I was a 'little prize,'
When e'er I come, they now are glum,
Each look and word they scan,
And call me "Sir" when I demur,
And tell me—I'm a man.

Oh! happy, earlier years, when love,
Was on the lip and eye,
And lily hands waved after me,
And glances said 'good bye—'
When there was music in my heart,
And life had yet no plan—
Oh! I was then a happy child—
But now I am a man.

☞The washerwomen in the vicinity of Paris have been detected in smuggling spirits through the gates by saturating their washed linen with it, and when within the city, wringing the spirits out, which being reduced to a proper degree of strength, by admixture with water, was sold for consumption.

'My lad are you a mail boy?' cried a lady to an urchin passing by, with an empty mail bag.

'Whoy, yes marm, ye don't spose I'se a female boy, dus ye?'

A BEAUTY.—*Anecdote of a Runaway Pair.* Lady Warren is immensely tall and extremely beautiful—she is now but just nineteen, though she has been married two or three years.—She is giddy, gay, chatty, good-humored, and a little affected—she hazards all that occurs to her, seems to think the world at her feet, and is so young and gay and handsome that she is not much mistaken. She is, in short, an inferior Lady Honoria Pemberton—something beneath her in parts and under standing, but strongly in that class of character. I had no conversation with her myself, but her voice is so loud and deep, and all she said was for the whole room. Take a trait or two, which I think will divert my daddy Crisp. Marriages being talked of, 'I'll tell you,' cried she, 'a story—that is, it sha'nt be a story, but a fact. A lady of my acquaintance, who had £50 000 fortune, ran away to Scotland with a gentleman she liked vastly—so she was a little doubtful of him and had a mind to try him—so, when they stopped to dine and change horses and all that, she said, 'Now, as I have a great regard for you, I dare say you have for me, so I will tell you a secret—I have got no fortune at all in reality, but only £5000, for all the rest is a mere pretence—but if you like me for myself and not for my fortune you won't mind that.' So the gentleman said, 'Oh, I don't regard it at all, and you are the same charming angel that ever you was,' and all those sort of things that people say to one, and then went out to see about the chaise. So he did not come back, but when dinner was ready the lady said 'Pray where is he? 'Lor, ma'm,' said they, 'why that gentleman has been gone ever so long!' So she came back by herself, and now she's married to somebody else, and has her £50 000 fortune all safe.'

Lady Warren has one child of ten weeks old, of which she is doatingly fond. 'I shall never trust him away from me until he is eight years old,' said she, 'and then I shall send him to sea. He shall be true blue. I bring him up very stout. He sucked a bare bone for dinner to-day.'

'A bare bone for a child of ten weeks old!"

'Oh! he liked it vastly—he laughed and crowed the whole time. I often have veal stewed into good strong broth for him.'—[Diary and Letters of Madame D' Arblay.

SOMETHING NEW.—A paragraph in a foreign paper says that in Germany the seeds of the grape are fast coming into use as a substitute for coffee.

'Pat,' said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep twenty four hours in succession, 'how do you contrive to sleep so long?'

'How?' said Pat, 'why I pay attention to it.'

The word bother was first used by a sergeant, who, being exposed to the volubility of two Irishmen, one at each ear, cried 'Don't both ear me!" Hence the verb to bother.

Up to the Hub.—This phrase is of very simple and local origin. A dull country fellow was driving a heavy ox team over a piece of swampy land, when the waggon suddenly settled down into an impassable quagmire.

'Well,' said the master, when he came many hours after to view the mischief—'well, you seem to have done it now pretty essentially.'

'Up to the hub!' said the innocent driver, with so droll an expression of countenance as rivetted, unconsciously to himself, immortality upon the expression.

An exchange paper says that forgetting to pay for your paper, and robbing a hen roost, are the same thing in Dutch, only differently expressed.

Benjamin Franklin says that 'seven hours sleep is enough for a scholar, eight for a laborer, and nine for a hog. 'No reference to allusions.'

Mr. Stephen Lock was recently married to a Miss Lucy Cheek, in Cincinnati. This was a decided case of lock jaw.

'Comin' through the rye,' as the whiskey said while being distilled from the grain.

'Go ahead—I'll back you,' as the thief said to the horse.

ACTIVE REMEDY.—Dr. Skip-pack recommends a *hop* poultice for the jumping tooth-ache.

RISE OF PORK.—A drove of hogs were carried into the air some twenty feet, by the blowing up of a steamboat lately on the Mississippi.

ETHICS.—Never bite your neighbor's nose off—noses are not good to eat; besides a nose is of very little use to any person save the owner.

Never put your finger into the fire; or should you do so by accident, pull it out again as quick as possible.

Never rashly get up a fight with a piece of bread and butter, it is always better to eat than fight.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber, having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pa. Av. facing *Centre Market*, formerly occupied by *John Lloyd*, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience, and comfortable apartments little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants;

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A. M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

Terms of Subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance $1,25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each inserion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisments affords no interest to the readers.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, while arrearages are due.

Small notes are received in payment of our bills,

Any person forwarding $10 will be entitled to six copies.

Postage on letters must invariably be paid.

Travelling Agents will much oblige by sending the numbers and time paid for, as well as invariably the names paid.

All remittances of money by mail are acknowledged in the 'Receipts by Mail.'

Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even

When a single paper is ordered by an agent, and postage accrues, if is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

MICHAEL M'ERMOT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING USINESS, in all its branches, on Penn avenue, between Third and Four-and-a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He does by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

MRS HALL'S BOARDING HOUSE,

Penn sylvania Avnue,

NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL

WASHINGTON.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted to be raised or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have hokly the name of L.COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK & CO

Wholesale Druggists, New York

A great variety of the most worthless trash for the hair has sprung up on the sale of this article. This has stood the test of 21 years, and rapidly increased in favor

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S PLAIN AND FANCY SHOE STORE.

Manufactured by James Jack.

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable Shoe Store on Penn. Avenue, nerly opposite Bown's Hotel, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he will always keep on hand an assortment of Lady's and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, of the best manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are

MEN'S fine cal, Morocco, and call boots
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, do.
Do coarse thick do.
Do Brogans and Monroe do.
Do pumps and Calf . . shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above.

JAMES H BIRCH.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Hand jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season, both in the eating and drinking way. Gentlemen will please call and taste for themselves.

JOHN PURDON.

CHARLES CAHAN

Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Sixth street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and transcients, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in general for their liberal patronage hereto fore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

DEPOT HOUSE."

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line to Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes. by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skilful and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETIC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES, of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver, of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhagia or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system; they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principels of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter, either in a negative or positive state of electro, and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling forces of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparation applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them. The symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the rections contained in the work which accompanies them without the aid of a physician, and may be used with perfect safety and success without confinement or inconvenience.

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$100 REWARD.
DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabetes or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the genitalia of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, nd by J. & W. Young jr.

Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

GERMAN HOTEL,
BY
TARLES ROSENTHRAL. south

The ofproprietor has removed to the and side *C* Penn. Avenue, between 12th a. 13th sts. to the House lately occupied by *CH*, COLTMAN, where he will be happ ertain his old customers and strang

THE GENUINE VEGEABLE PILL

e An ffectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleets. eractures, &c. &c. Of all the remedies ort discovered for the cure of these complaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They ttre mild and pleasant to take, yet powerful in their action, and may be taken without be knowledge of the most intimate friend These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For sale by & W Young, jr. C Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; C T and T eJardella, corner of 12th and the avenue Wade on 7th street,

Georgetown, O by Linthicum

PROPOSALS
FOR
PUBLISHING BY *SUBSCRIPTION*

The Authentic Report of the Controvesie Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev THOMAS MAGUIRE, and the Rev R. T. P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary vidity, and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhusted to the last copy; and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without epurssing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who will be the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 A St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, . Willin Alley, Philadelphia:—r. John Farnonn Utica. N. Y.;—r.T athew McLeon, Georgetown, D. C.;—r. Pea Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectarians to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the most value.

JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store and latterly by the office of the Native American where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, with every article in the Gro-

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NOTICE.

As there will be but one boat on the route on sunday, the PHENIX will make five trips on that day between Washington and Alexanderia.

Leaving Alexandria at 3 and 10 A. M. and 1, 3, and 5 o'clock P. M.

Leaving Washington at 9 and 11 A. M. and two 4, and 6 o'clock P. M.

JAMES; GUY, Jr; Captain;

NEW GUIDE *TO* WASHINGTON.

By G. Watterston, esq.—The above work is just lished, with a frontispiece of the Statue to Washington, by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of washington, of its progress and improvements since its origin the ecpxen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to till its object of curiosity, and to every thing alse that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of washington, though not a mere picture book—all sat institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but olitis factorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone, of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the conditici of the legal and medical professions—its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful local; and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other, of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the bookstore of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania, avenue.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory
AND
UPHOLSTERER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the railroad depot and Capitol gate will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat, Sofas, Low Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Bedsteads
Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and know sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington

Those in wishing to exchange their old furniture

CONFECTIONARY

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of articles in his line; Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety, Fruits, Nuts, &c.

H. BARNS.

FRESH
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at
J. F. CALLAN'S,
Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street,
WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Brocei, Coards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Cherviy or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Gass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch Lettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and five., Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Spinage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise all the new varieties Ode and be sold at the New York prices.

☞Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.